A malicious Rich Man makes acceptable pleaſant Reaſons, and moſt People for Money take the rich Villain by the hand. Pray, Money or no Money, right or wrong, yea, like the green and withering Leaves, ill perſwaded, ill deſigning, thie, otherwiſe buſie or not; read from the firſt to the laſt word in this preſent Caſe nicely, and attentively, before giving your judgment in it. And order the Speaker or Chair-man in a Committee of a full or not full Houſe, to give the Petitioner, at your Bar, your Anſwer to it before your Honours, between the Hours of two and three of the Clock in the Afternoon.

To the Honourable the Knights, Citizens, and Burgeſſes in Parliament aſſembled.

The humble Petition of Prince *Butler*, a woful, perſecuted, beaten, puſhed, thumped, bruiſed, and ſickly, 26 Years Vagabond, lying in Garrets, more for cheapneſs then for eaſe. 14 Years a fluxing more in cold than hot weather, a groaning, grunting, and frightfully ſighing to the hearers near him above three years, and doubts will laſt during life, day and night in his Bed, in the Streets, in the Fields, and to his great Sorrow, and more trouble, very often in ſtrange Company, like a ſtabb'd, ready, preſently dying Man, and in cold windy weather, like to be choaked with Smoke.

If he is a Fool, the Pope and all the Kings and Councils in their Council-Chambers and people in *Europe* are Fools, except King *William*, and ill perſwaded, ill deſigning, ignorant, or not People. The Caſe and matter of fact of Prince *Butler*, an Account of what Blood he loſt in 4 Years time, by reaſon of unexpected beatings, kicks in the legs, puſhes and thumps in the breaſt as he can remember, beſides long phyſicking, dieting, exerciſing, purging, vomiting and faſting, and not yet well cured, in all 497 Ounces and a half of Butchers weight, beſides what he muſt loſe in cold weather, and for what may happen; it is better to loſe offenſive Blood than life, all the ſaid blood, beſides offenſive pinches, ſhowers of greaſie Bones and other naſtineſſes thrown at him; hard Balls out of a trunk Cane blown at his Head, many ſlaps, reflections, vexatious, ſcandalous reports, affronts, and aſperſions, he loſt, and endured very often unexpectedly in *London*, to the great pleaſure and content of him and them, ill perſwaded, ill deſigning, bribed or not, as may by a word hinder as order and encourage it, without regarding the Petitioner's, God help him, ſerious, ſober, and earneſt Prayers to ſhoot him with a Gun or Piſtol through the Head, which ye may judge is enough to weaken a *Sampſon*, a Stone-Horſe, or a Town-Bull, and much more your tame and innocent weak Petitioner, not yet out of pain and danger, daily a trembling from the bottom of the Skye to the top of the Ground, for fear any part or all the ſaid Misfortunes may happen to him again, beſides many troubles he endured out of *England*, in 26 years Perſecution, not yet, nor like ever to be ended, if not aſſiſted by your Honours and the King.

Wherefore he humbly prays your Honours to deſire his Majeſty, by an Addreſs, by his Secretary, or Members of his Privy Council in your Houſe, to give him a general open Letter to his Ambaſſadors abroad, that the Ambaſſador where he arrives, may, Money or no Money, right or wrong, deſire the King or Prince, with his Secretary, to hear the Petitioner read his grievances publickly or privately before them, and after a clear Hearing, to anſwer him as they pleaſe. And the ſaid Ambaſſador may give him Bed and Bread, Money or no Money, right or wrong, without Aſperſions, Backbitings, Affronts, Blows and Reflections from his Servants, young and old Men and Women upon Oath, until he gets his Anſwer, in or not in writing from Court. And he prays your Honours to deſire his Majeſty to give him travelling Money to *Vienna*, the Emperor's Court. *And he will pray.*